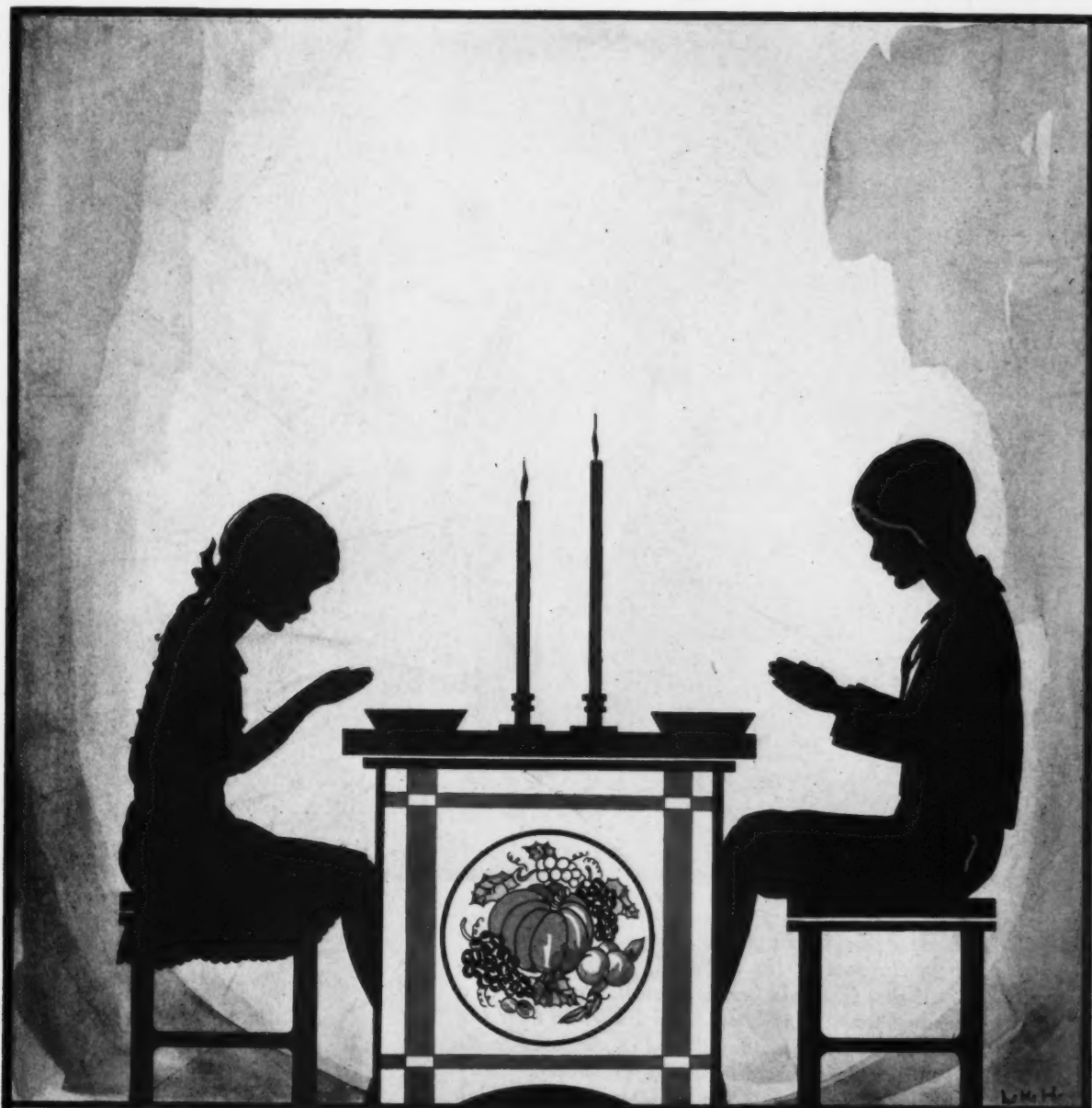


American
JUNIOR RED CROSS
November 1930 **NEWS** *"I Serve"*



THANKSGIVING



Home again in England, Mary began thinking about the soul of the Sultan of Turkey. She believed that God told her to go to the Sultan with a message from Him. For Mary Fisher to hear the voice of God was to obey it, and so she fared forth on the most desperate mission ever undertaken by a religious maiden. (See "A Dauntless Maid of Old England," page 56.)

The Teacher's Guide

BY RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

The November News in the School

The Classroom Index

NEARLY every feature in this issue has interest in connection with more than one class.

Arithmetic:

"Big Bear, Little Bear" contains a large-looking problem but it will be all the more fun to find the huge result.

Auditorium:

The story of "Piotrus," the Polish boy who set himself to copy "By Fire and Sword" will be an appealing number for a Book Week entertainment.

For Armistice Day, "Cher Ami," reports of Red Cross Roll Call activities in "Our Juniors on the Job" and the back cover offer suggestions. In preparing talks notice also the outline quoted on page two of this *TEACHER'S GUIDE*. "Saint Martin" is an interesting Armistice Day feature because of the date, while "A Dauntless Maid of Old England" is in the true spirit of tolerance that we seek. Most of all, the article "Yesterday's Foe Becomes the Friend of Tomorrow" is a beautiful exposition of growth in human thinking and human feeling. The honest Japanese monument, the German women planting trees in devastated France, and the straight thinking and practical conclusions of eleven-year-old Voislav Petzarski, deserve a prominent place in the accumulating literature on world friendship.

For Thanksgiving, the cover and the story of "A Dauntless Maid of Old England" takes one back to colonial times.

Character Education:

For examples of citizenship, as usual, explore "Our Juniors on the Job" and "Doings of Overseas Juniors." The activities feature, "Flags with Long Staffs" is one of the most interesting we have had. "The Lost Sheep" and "Man Is Not the Only Intelligent Animal" will interest especially in connection with teaching respect for animals. "Yesterday's Foe Becomes the Friend of Tomorrow" and "A Good-night Prayer" help us remember the broader ideal of world brotherhood.

Comparative Literature:

"Piotrus" gives a real lead into Polish literature available in English translation and within range of child interest.

Geography:

"Big Bear, Little Bear" and "A Good-night Prayer" are both of general interest in geography classes. There are special features about the following countries:

Albania—"The Lost Sheep" is the latest number in what almost seems to be a regular lost and found department. During September and October it was a Chinese Plum Blossom that was misplaced; this month five Albanian sheep—all safely found. Miss Upjohn's appealing story gave me somewhat the same feeling in the pit of my stomach that I had the year I absent-mindedly put the manuscript for the JUNIOR RED CROSS CALENDAR in the out-going mail box, after six weeks' work and with no carbon copy in the files. Gino's recovery of his property brought much the same relief as when a bright mail-boy remembered he had carried some typed pink pages down to the Mail Room and brought the lost CALENDAR copy safely home again.

"Man Is Not the Only Intelligent Animal" is a real

record of an Albanian shepherd boy and takes on special interest in connection with the Upjohn story.

Czechoslovakia—"The Duck's Feathers"—a delightful folk tale.

England—"Doings of Overseas Juniors," "A Dauntless Maid of Old England," and "What Is Happening in India," have human as well as historical interest.

India—"What Is Happening in India" is as clear, concise, and fair a summary as one will find among the many discussions of this large world-problem. It will help pupils to understand some of the complications on both sides of a tangled question.

Poland—"Piotrus" belongs here, too.

United States Indian—"The Girl on the Calendar" (Editorial Page), makes the month's CALENDAR picture come alive.

Other Countries—"Flags with Long Staffs," "Doings of Overseas Juniors."

History:

"Big Bear, Little Bear," covers a span from the mythology of ancient times to the almost unimaginable future. "St. Martin and His Day" have their origin in the period of medieval European history. "A Dauntless Maid of Old England" brings us to modern times and incidentally gives us a more appealing picture of Turkey and Sultans than is usually found. "What Is Happening in India" is contemporary history.

Nature:

"Big Bear, Little Bear," "Man Is Not the Only Intelligent Animal," and "The Duck's Feathers" range from scientific nature study to delicious nature folk-lore.

Primary Grades:

"The Duck's Feathers" will make a delightful dramatic game and is worthy of being put on as a real play in an auditorium program. Who wants to be the bright little duck that opened its eyes?

New Myths of Old London

THE TALE OF TOM TIDDLER. By Eleanor Farjeon. Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York, 1930, \$2.00.

Tom Tiddler, a rompish small boy, journeyed to London to rescue his girl friend from a giant. This was many years ago. In the course of his adventures he learned the reasons for the names of interesting-sounding London sights, such as Petticoat Lane, Wormwood Scrubs, and White Chapel. For my own part I don't believe all of these stories and enjoy them all the more on that account.

There is one section that might be used to advantage in nutrition classes. Tom's stomach "was full of emptiness. It was astonishing how empty his stomach was. He mentioned it as he ran and Jerry said, 'Of course it is. So is mine. We never had our breakfast yesterday.'

"'But we had afternoon tea and sacks of sugar and cheese and—and chalk and things since then,' said Tom. 'We never had our breakfast,' repeated Jerry obstinately, 'and if you miss your breakfast you miss your breakfast.'"

But don't let that trick you. The breakfast of batter that they all had would not pass the Red Cross Nutrition Service. In fact, the only moral is found in Tom's audience with the King when he asks, as his boon, favors for all his friends and quite forgets any request for himself.

Developing Calendar Activities for November

The Classroom Index of Activities

YOU will find activities that can be developed in the following classes. For additional ideas about definite types of gifts consult the suggestions on the CALENDAR page.

Art:

Armistice Day favors for adopted Veterans' Hospitals, Thanksgiving menu covers, napkin and nut cup sets, Christmas cards for veterans to send their families, materials and patterns for Indian Partner schools, city or county exhibits of best school work for some other country, books of autumn scenery for children's sanatoriums abroad, illustrations for school correspondence albums, toys for veterans' children.

The project of arranging a toy store for hospitalized veterans was described in a report from the Director of Red Cross Service in the hospital at Fort Snelling, Minnesota:

"Toys were obtained from three schools in Minneapolis and a few were donated by the Junior Red Cross of St. Paul.

"In order to take care of this huge assortment, we converted the pool room into a toy shop and how packed it was, bridge tables around the walls and pool tables all loaded! The toys were then sorted for boys and girls, according to ages. One patient took upon himself the task of stock-tender and kept everything in order. The toys were a constant delight, every kind of mechanical toy, skis, and stout boots, skates, splendid books, dolls that would delight any child's heart, games for all ages, and a new dollhouse completely furnished with electric lights and even tiny Christmas trees on the door steps.

"Previously a card had been made for every patient. The age and sex of each child in every family had been learned. The two of us on the Red Cross staff undertook to choose toys for each child in the family. These gifts were placed in a bag and delivered to the patient. As there were still sufficient toys, we were able to let a number of men have the fun of choosing just what else their kiddies might want. The men had a wonderful time and seemed to get more enjoyment out of this project than any other. One detail not forgotten was to supply plenty of tissue and wrapping paper."

Citizenship:

Albums of American life for international correspondence (see book reviews on "A. Lincoln" and "Hickory Goody"), annual Red Cross Roll Call (see "A Continuous Task" below), Fitness for Service activities.

Geography:

Study of national holidays of other countries, letters on American pioneers and American life for school correspondence.

Handwork, Manual Training, Sewing:

Favors for adopted Veterans' Hospitals or other institutions, gifts for Indian schools, surprise boxes for shut-in children.

Primary Grades:

Books of autumn scenery, Fitness for Service activities, surprise boxes for shut-in children.

The picture books for children in sanatoriums abroad should be made of some kind of durable material such as paper muslin, securely tied or sewed. Pictures should be selected because of their appeal to young children—colorfulness and interest of subject—should be pasted neatly and captioned very briefly. No response is promised although whenever possible a thank-you letter of the same nature as

those received from institutions near home will be secured from the sanatorium.

Surprise boxes will bring much joy to children kept home with semi-chronic illness. The gifts in them should be things that can be worked: jointed pasteboard toys, little wagons on wheels or sand-table toys that will stand up. Materials with which the recipients can work are also useful—crayon sets and pictures to color, and scrapbook materials or sewing materials. Bright colored pictures mounted on pretty cards can be used for decorating a sick child's room.

A Continuous Task

DOLLAR membership in the American Red Cross gives everyone an opportunity to help in year-round work in behalf of many who need it.

The local Red Cross Chapter will help pupils to learn the facts about community Red Cross work. Of each dollar membership, fifty cents is used in national work and fifty cents stays in the local treasury for community service.

Last year the seventh grade of the Junior High School of Holden, Livingston Parish, Louisiana, wrote letters to local citizens describing the work of the Red Cross, particularly as each part applied to the local community. The letters followed an outline previously worked out by the class.

A. What Red Cross work is.

1. National organization chartered by Congress with President of Nation its own President.

2. The Peace Program.

- a. Disaster Relief.
- b. Public Health, Home Hygiene and Care of Sick.
- c. Junior Red Cross.
- d. Care of ex-service men.

B. The Peace Program in Livingston Parish.

1. Disaster Relief.

- a. Mississippi flood.
- b. Boxes of clothing and bedding sent to sufferers.
- c. Fruit and meat canned and sent.

C. Public Health.

1. Free medical inspection of school children.
2. Arrangements made for 50 throat operations and low rates of hospitalization for poor people.
3. Special cases.
4. Classes in Home Hygiene and Care of Sick given.

D. Junior Red Cross.

1. Purpose—promote world peace and international good will.
2. Work has been started in Livingston Parish.

E. Care of ex-service men.

1. Families have been helped.
2. Arrangements made for hospital care.

F. Conclusion—Invitation to join.

American Pioneer Life

A. LINCOLN. By Lockridge. World Book Co., Yonkers on Hudson, New York, 1930, \$1.40.

In this new book of Lincoln's life, not only his own youth, but the youth of our Middle West is pictured. The author has taken advantage of recent scholarly studies and though there is no tone of debunking in the style the facts are authentic rather than mythical. The text is freely illustrated with photographs and black and white sketches. The binding and format conform to the admirable Pioneer Series.

Junior Red Cross in Smaller Schools

A Letter on Junior Red Cross Activities

IN the revised School Correspondence Pamphlet (ARC 621), emphasis is placed on the value of including one letter on Junior Red Cross activities in every international correspondence album. A straightforward example is furnished in a letter from the Lee School, Pauls Valley, Oklahoma, to a boys' school in France. Though brief, this account describes a rounded program: community, national, and international service:

GREETINGS:

We have had a Junior Red Cross organization in our school for three years.

The first year we subscribed to the Junior Red Cross magazine. At Shawnee, a town near us, there was a cyclone. We sent \$10 to be used in the fund raised to help the little children who were without homes as a result of the cyclone.

The second year we sent a Christmas box to the soldiers at the World War Veterans' Home at Sulphur, a town near us. In the box were handkerchiefs, socks, razor blades, tooth paste and candy.

This year at Christmas we sent a Braille copy of Friends in Strange Garments, a box of candy, and a handkerchief to a little girl in the State School for the Blind at Muskogee.

During the three years we have sent four portfolios to France, one to Cuba and one to Japan. We enjoy the foreign correspondence.

We enjoyed your portfolio very much. It was very neat and attractive. We hope you will enjoy ours as much as we enjoyed yours.

Sincerely,

LEE SCHOOL PUPILS,
By: Nadine Owens, age 13 years.

The Letter of Acknowledgment

A graceful note of acknowledgment for an album received from abroad was written by pupils in Martel, Nebraska, to a school in Japan. It shows how a whole community may benefit from the world contacts of its younger members:

DEAR JAPANESE FRIENDS:

We received the portfolio you sent us and are certainly proud of it. We have been showing it to every one. We even took it to Sunday School before Armistice Day to show other people what the Junior Red Cross is doing to promote world peace. We are glad that we have this opportunity of learning about other boys and girls and making friends with our world neighbors.

We are planning to make another portfolio to send to you sometime this year, and we hope to hear from you again. Thank you for sending such a nice booklet.

With best wishes for a very successful and enjoyable year, we remain,

MARTEL JUNIOR RED CROSS.

Two New Books

FIFTEEN RABBITS. By Felix Salten. Simon and Shuster, New York, 1930, \$1.00—one of the paper-back Inner Sanctuary Series.

Readers who enjoyed the story of Bambi, the deer, will be interested to meet him again in a new book by Felix Salten. This one is about rabbits, less poetic subjects than deer; and yet the "bunnies" are very real people: Mamp, a humorist; Trumer, an unsocial cynic; Ivner, a henpecked husband; and Nella, his domineering spouse. Hops and Plana are the hero and heroine.

The episode of Epi and the linnet will make children slow to hold wild pets in captivity; and boy

readers are less likely, after reading the book, to take up hunting or trapping as a diversion. The incident of Plana, the gentle rabbit, sheltered and revived to life by Iago, ex-hunting dog, is an idyll. Man remains in this, as in Bambi, the great terror of all wild things; yet their savage destruction of one another and blind acceptance of destruction as the law of life, leave one glad that one is neither a fox nor a rabbit. For "He" at least shows symptoms of desiring a less bloody existence, and by this growing desire both his fellows and the forest folk may benefit in time.

HICKORY GOODY. By Ada Claire Darby. Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York, 1930, \$1.75.

This is a book that children of intermediate grades and some older ones will enjoy as out-of-school pleasure reading. It tells of children, of whom Kit Carson is one, in a pioneer Missouri town. The central figure, a little girl, in spite of her somewhat primitive environment, is more of the "lady" because of her generation than most little girls today. The incidents, too, are rather gentle, for Indian savagery is becoming only a memory at the time about which this story tells. The pioneer town takes pride in its academy, its newspaper, and other cultural advantages. The book will give little girls a feeling for the period of their pioneer grandmothers, and because of Kit Carson little boys will probably enjoy it also.

Community Service in Berea, Kentucky

The following report made by a Junior Red Cross Chairman is given because it is a helpful illustration of a broadening service program with special emphasis on health:

The Berea Chapter of the Junior Red Cross is the only chapter in Madison County which is doing Junior Red Cross service. During the year 1929-30 there were 21 schools with a total of 1,250 children enrolled in the Junior Red Cross in Southern Madison County.

As requested by the National Red Cross, 15 magazines were sent to each of the three schools in Perry County for the teachers to use in their health work. This was done by the Training School Juniors of Berea College. Other Juniors sent magazines to rural schools in our own territory.

One portfolio was sent by the Bear Wallow School for an Indian school in the West. This school has been corresponding with other Indian schools. Bear Wallow has made a number of favors for the Veterans' Hospital.

An exhibit went to the Kentucky Educational Association made up by the Bear Wallow, Berea Graded School, and the Berea Training School.

The Berea Graded School made first aid boxes in connection with their health work. The fifth and sixth grades painted coffee cans and made supplies for all the lower grades. They took time after school for this work. These boxes are marked "Berea Chapter, Junior Red Cross." One of these boxes went to the Kentucky Educational Association in Louisville this spring. The Berea Graded School has taken great steps in organizing a Health Council in the grades. Our delegate is chairman of that council. The first six grades are included in this council. All matters of health are brought to the attention of this body. Next year we fully expect to start such a council in the Junior High and High Schools.

The Berea Training School sent paper dolls to the Children's Hospital in Lexington. The Whites Station School sent a number of Valentines to these little friends in Lexington. The Bark Road School which is 16 miles away and on a very bad road sent a great number of cut-outs to children in Lexington and Louisville. When

(Continued on page 4)

Fitness for Service for November

Dr. Fresh Air

IN the material prepared by the League of Red Cross Societies for distribution among Junior Red Cross organizations throughout the world, an article was quoted some time ago from *The Crusader*, published in the United States. The quoted parts, with the comments of the League editor, are worth passing back again in our own country.

"There is something seriously wrong with a system that swallows up bright-eyed, glowing, healthy-cheeked boys and girls at the beginning of the school year and turns them out at the end, in far too many cases, pasty-faced, underweight and half sick. Not all of them, of course, for most youngsters are sturdy young animals, but far too great a number.

"We doubt if the exactions of the scholastic burden are responsible for this. We do not believe that the average youngster is attempting to carry a heavier school programme than his physical resources permit. We think the answer lies more in the archaic fear of open windows.

"Adequate ventilation is a serious schoolroom problem. It is a common rather than a rare occurrence to find splendidly built, modernly equipped schools badly ventilated. [This was written of the United States though I have also found it to be true in some other countries, comments the European editor.]

"A special committee made a study covering a period of more than two years. The resulting report, summed up in three simple rules, may well serve as a guide for regulating the temperature and fresh air supply in class rooms. These rules are as follows:

"Rule 1. Admit fresh air through windows partially open, before which glass plates or similar shields have been placed in a slanting position so as to send the incoming air upward and protect those near the window from draught. Let the warm used air pass out through an opening near the ceiling.

"Rule 2. Keep the temperature of the class room low. (Editorial note: The advice actually given is to keep the thermometer at 66 to 68 degrees Fahrenheit. But this is for schools in the United States, a country where overheating is notoriously practised. For English schools the figure would be much lower. Each country should establish its own norm in accordance with its climate and customs.)

"Rule 3. To insure carrying out Rule 2, equip the school with an accurate thermometer. Our sense of heat is no guide. The thermometer should be placed where it will not be influenced by a draught of air from a window, door, stove or heater.

"The range between many little, one-room school houses and some magnificent city educational institutions is a wide one. Yet there is no requirement in the three simple rules listed above that cannot be carried out in the humblest school-house or that would not be good procedure for the finest school building. Very little money is required to protect the room against direct draughts and to provide an outlet for stale air."

Do We Wrap Up Too Much?

Additional advice of value to every individual in the days when the thermometer begins to drop is given in another League article.

"People in temperate and even in cold climates are wrapping themselves up far less than they used to do, but the boy or girl who falls into the habit of wearing an unnecessary jacket or jersey in school all winter long is still known to many of us.

"Fearing the cold, muffling the throat and bundling yourself up in overcoats would seem to be a very poor way to go about preventing a cold, if the lessons to be learned from the marvelous cures made at open-air sanatoriums count for anything. 'The man who has been cured by open-air treatment,' a doctor writes, 'rejoices in the wind, and loves to feel it sweep through his clothing

and incite him to vigorous exercise. He puts on no hat, coat or muffler. He has no fear of the night air. He sleeps by a window wide open. He regards cold as his friend and the energizer of bodily health, vigor and appetite.

"'Aviators, alpine climbers, fishermen, ploughmen, and shepherds are not subject to colds, or rheumatism through exposure to cold,' he goes on to tell us, 'and sailors subjected to the severest weathers of the North Sea are singularly free from colds and pneumonia until they return home.'

"The whole thing in a nutshell is simply this: if we are physically fit we need have no fear of wind or weather, and wind and weather themselves have a way of helping us to keep physically fit. We hear a lot about vicious circles, but here is a beneficent circle that is well worth while to take advantage of.

"The rules are: As much fresh air as you can, and vigorous exercise. Reasonably warm clothing—but not too bundled up.

"And just one word of warning: A person who is tired or hungry, or very thin, or a bit run down had best not get chilled to the bone, or sit about over-long with cold feet in wet shoes.

"It is to heed this warning that Norwegian Juniors keep dry stockings and slippers in their emergency cupboard at school. Even though wet feet may do us no harm if we're fit, it's more sensible to keep on the safe side by changing—and much more comfortable!

"You'd sooner have a cold than take the trouble? But we rarely have our colds alone. The cold you get can be passed on so easily—and often to those who are younger, smaller or weaker than you, whose health you naturally want to protect and not endanger. One sound way to protect the health of others is to keep well yourself—and that is particularly true about colds."

A Plan to Keep Schools Well Ventilated

A pamphlet that will prove a practical help in carrying out the CALENDAR suggestions is printed by the Public School Publishing Company at Bloomington, Illinois. It is by Thomas D. Wood, Professor of Health Education, Teachers College, Columbia University, and Ethel M. Hendriksen, and is entitled "Fresh Air in the School Room, How To Secure It—The School Room Temperature Chart an Aid."

Practice Books in Health

MY PROGRESS BOOK IN GOOD HEALTH, volumes I-V. Pansy Barret Caldwell. American Education Press, Inc., Columbus, Ohio, 1930, 25 cents each; four or more, 18 cents each.

The purpose of this series is to furnish seatwork that will supplement the health teaching of the classroom and will connect it with other subjects. Each volume is bound in an attractive heavy paper cover and printed in clear, large type with illustrations. Devices used include completion tests, letter writing, acrostics, original stories, and other things. Each book has a health chart at the end.

(Continued from page 3)

the children were visited by the nurse and chairman, a number of the children delighted in telling what they had done for the sick of the neighborhood.

The school at West Union has been especially active. Twice during the year they gathered food supplies for destitute families. All of their health work is organized by the Juniors, even their hot lunch at school.

At Christmas time the Berea Training School collected fruit of all kinds which was sent to the Madison County Infirmary. At the same time the Berea Graded School responded beautifully to a call for fruit for a number of families near Berea for whom our Red Cross Nurse recommended help.

The children have developed a consciousness for their sick friends and the needy people about them. They have developed a greater responsibility for their own health and the health of their school.

Piotrus

A True Story from Poland

JANINA PORAZINSKA

Illustration by Bernice Oehler

"FIFTEEN years ago," my friend told me, "I had a library in Warsaw, in a little dark lodging, the windows of which looked into the yard. In the same house there was a coffee-shop, and the cakes were baked in the basement opposite to our windows.

"The boys in white aprons continually ran across the yard either with empty trays or with heaps of tasty doughnuts, cakes or beautifully decorated tarts. I knew them all perfectly by sight: black, naughty Wicek, constantly drumming on an empty tray; fair-haired Piotrus, and stout Kacperek.

"I also knew at what time the lamp was lighted in the bakery, and how Mr. Paczkowski, the baker, all red and perspiring, used to whip cream and shriek at the boys that they did not work quickly enough. At eight o'clock the light in the bakery was extinguished, then at eleven a candlelight appeared for a moment in the window near the bakery: the same boys, tired with their daily work, were going to bed.

"One day I entered the coffee-shop to have a cup of coffee. Piotrus served me. We both smiled, of course; we were old friends from the same yard.

"I noticed that Piotrus had something to tell me; he constantly walked past my table, stopping for a moment and looking at me timidly and imploringly. In the end he said:

"May I ask you . . . you have so many books . . . perhaps I could have one of them? . . . I will take good care of it. I will wrap it in paper and read it through very quickly."

"Very well, Piotrus, I will bring you one tomorrow."

"Piotrus was delighted. Next day I gave him that beautiful work of Sienkiewicz: 'By Fire and Sword.' In a week's time Piotrus returned the book. I then gave him the other parts of our great writer's historical novel of Poland.

"Thus Piotrus became my permanent reader. He had soon read more than fifty different books. But I wondered why, after each book, he would always ask me to give him back the



Piotrus was turning wonderful somersaults and shouting. He was simply mad with joy.

first volume of 'By Fire and Sword.' About the same time, I noticed a certain change in my neighbors' life. When at 12 o'clock at night, before going to bed, I opened my window, I always saw the dim light of the candle still twinkling in the window near the bakery and the shadow of a bent head upon the pane.

"At last the mystery was explained.

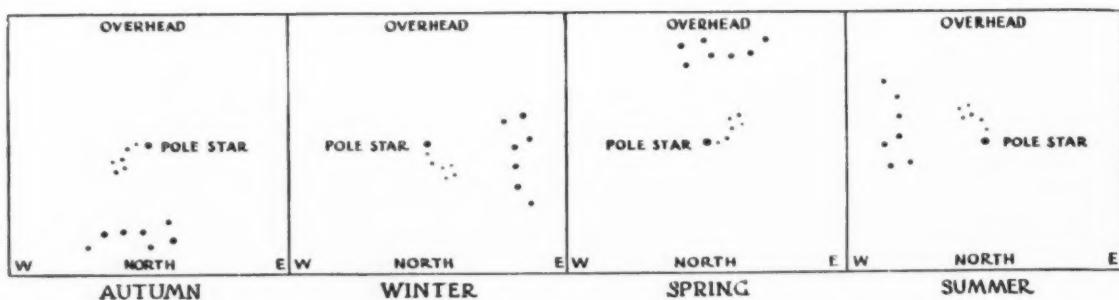
"When Piotrus asked me again, for the twentieth time, perhaps, to give him 'By Fire and Sword,' I said to him, half jokingly: 'Oh, I shall not give you that book any more!' He was in despair!

"'Oh please, Madam!' he pleaded, 'I have only ten more pages left to copy!'

"So Piotrus was copying all this huge work! Such was the mystery of the twinkling candlelight, burning till daybreak! It was more than I could bear. I gave him the whole three volumes as a present.

"A moment afterwards all the windows of our house were crowded with people: Piotrus was dancing about the yard, turning wonderful somersaults and shouting. He was simply mad with joy."

—From the Polish Junior Red Cross Magazine.



Big Bear—Little Bear

FLORENCE M. GILLETT

JUPITER, king of heaven, loved a beautiful young woman named Callisto. Juno, the queen of heaven, was jealous of Callisto and changed her into a bear.

While the poor creature roamed the woods through the years, her son, Arcas, grew up without knowledge of his mother. One day when he had reached the age of fifteen he was hunting. He came upon a bear that did not run away in fright but watched him intently and came toward him. Of course Arcas did not realize that it was his mother who had recognized her son. He raised his bow and arrow and would have shot the bear through the heart.

But Jupiter was watching. One god cannot undo the work of another, so Jupiter could not change Callisto to human form again. Still, he could change Arcas into a bear. So the mother and son were reunited, and Jupiter placed them in the heavens as two constellations of stars where they could be together through eternity.

This act of kindness once more aroused the jealousy of Juno. She went to her brother, Neptune, the god of the sea, and begged that he never permit the bears to enter his kingdom. He complied, and so they never sink into the ocean but are always seen in the northern sky.

THIS is a story Roman mothers told their children about two constellations that you can see on any clear night. They are probably the most important star groups in the sky, for through the centuries they have been an unflinching guide to mariners and lost landmen of the northern hemisphere.

Face north and look for the seven bright stars of the Big Dipper that form the tail and body of the Big Bear. The two outside stars of the dipper's bowl are called the Pointers, as they always point to the North Star, regardless of the Big Dipper's position. You will notice in the dia-

grams that in the autumn the Big Dipper looks as if you could drink from it. But in the spring it is always turned upside down, as if pouring out April showers to bring May flowers.

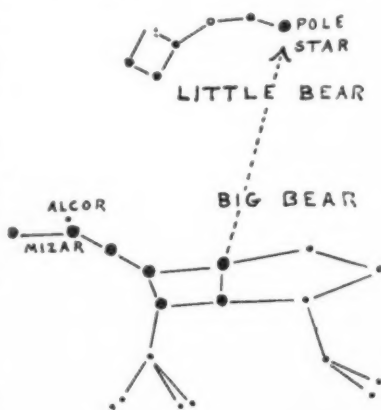
The star named Mizar in the handle of the Big Dipper has a dim companion named Alcor. The ancient Arabs called them the Horse and the Rider and considered seeing them a test of keen eyesight, just as our Boy Scouts do now. See if you can find Alcor some clear night.

Of course, you never really see a star as it is today. When you are looking at Mizar you see light which left that star about 86 years ago. Light travels about 186,000 miles in a second. Finding out how far Mizar is from the earth is a jolly little problem in trillions for you to solve. Most of the stars in the sky are much farther away than this.

The seven stars of the Little Dipper form the body and tail of the Little Bear. Some of them are not easily seen with the naked eye, but you can always find the North Star be-

cause it is in a direct line from the Pointers and it is the brightest of the constellation. It is the end star in the handle of the Little Dipper. The North Star is also called Polaris, or Pole Star, because it is almost directly above our North Pole.

About 4,000 years from now a star called alpha in the constellation of Cepheus will be our North Star. And not until 26,000 years from now will our present Pole Star again be in that position. In that period of time five other bright stars in succession will have been the North Star.





Gino drove the sheep to the river where he washed and combed them thoroughly

The Lost Sheep

ANNA MILO UPJOHN

Illustration by the Author

FOR all his rags, Gino was a proud lad. He walked like a prince. This was especially true when he had learned something new in the log schoolhouse. It made him feel an equal among men. The classes were held there only in the evening. Had it been otherwise Gino could not have attended, for of course he had work to do during the day. Everyone in that colony of refugees at Mamuræ worked hard. There were sixty of them newly arrived in Albania from Serbia and the great task of making houses and clearing the land had only begun. Gino's slender hands were sore from braiding branches for the walls of the new homes.

The men worked rapidly with only axes and mallets. They had no nails or bolts and the log frameworks were held together with wooden pegs. But things were moving forward. The rye was sprouting. That meant bread. Gino was as thin as a lath. He could eat more bread than he had

ever seen. So could Martha,* who between her days of chills and fever, stood patiently spinning flax or wool for the women of the colony to weave into towels and rugs. These were sent to London and sold for the benefit of the refugees. In that way a pound had come to Gino's family with which to buy livestock.

Which should it be? Two sheep or two goats? There were long discussions. The goats would give milk every day. But the sheep would give wool, which could be turned into cloth and sold. And if either had to be killed, mutton was better eating than goat's meat. So the decision had been in favor of the sheep. Twice already the sheep had been shorn and the precious wool, washed and carded, was being spun into thread by nimble fingers. And now there were five sheep instead of two. After a family council it was

*Martha's picture is on the CALENDAR page for next May.

decided to trade them for a cow. She would provide milk and cheese in abundance and if ever there was a calf they could sell it and start again with sheep. Thus little by little they would stock their farm. Perhaps some day they would even have a horse to do the plowing. But not yet, oh no, not yet! The five sheep were to be exchanged for a neighbor's cow, since the man had two cows and wished to start a flock of sheep.

"Gino," said his father, "you may drive the sheep down tomorrow. It's a good bargain and I don't want to let it slip."

So next day Gino took the sheep from the paddock where they were kept when he and his dog Miff did not have them out on the hills. He drove them to the river, washed them thoroughly and smoothed their fleece with a comb made of short sticks set in a strip of wood. When they were ready they were beautiful sheep, without a burr in their coats. Gino brought them out to the road and whistled loudly for Miff. Then looking at the dark sky he ran in for his cloak.

"I'm off, Mother," he cried, "and I shall bring the cow back with me."

"Good! But, oh, Gino, do get me a pail of water before you go."

Taking two buckets the boy sprinted down to the river. He came back more slowly, for the pails were full and heavy. His mother sat before a hand loom in the shadow of the eaves, weaving a rug. Near her were other women of the colony, either weaving, spinning or carding, hurrying to finish the week's work before the inspector should come on Thursday. Gino set the pails in the kitchen, a large, dark room from whose rafters hung heavy hanks of dyed wool drying over the slow fire that burned in the middle of the earthen floor. Then he ran out in the road with his cloak over his shoulder, but stopped startled.

The sheep had disappeared! Bewildered, Gino gazed up and down the road. He could see a long way in each direction but there was not a flicker of a sheep. There was plenty of grass along the roadside and unless they had been driven off, it was not likely that they would have gone far of their own accord. Nor had they strayed up the hill. The slope lay open to view, covered with oak scrub.

"Some one has stolen them," thought Gino, and despair gripped his heart. Why had not Miff come when he called him? A hot anger at the dog, which he had last seen rabbit-hunting, seized him. But in his heart he knew that he should not have left the sheep until Miff had

come. He sped down the road, fright winging his heels. The precious sheep gone! That meant the cow gone, too! Panic seized Gino. On he rushed through the rain that began to fall in long slanting lines. But there were no sheep in the landscape.

They must, then, have taken the other direction.

As he was about to turn, Gino caught sight of a boy driving a plump brown cow toward him through the mist. This deepened his embarrassment for he recognized the son of that neighbor who was expecting the five sheep. He was a boy of about Gino's age, dressed in white homespun trousers braided with black, and a Skanderbeg jacket, the collar of which he had drawn over his head, holding its fringe firmly between his teeth. The boys looked at each other and nodded. Gino knew without being told that Refki was bringing the cow with the intention of taking the sheep back. Should he tell him at once that they were lost? That would mean that Refki would return with the cow. No, the words would not form themselves. Moreover, Gino had not given up hope of finding the sheep. So the two boys plodded on in silence through the rain, the one having his mouth too full of fringe, the other his heart too full of grief, for speech.

But when they reached the colony, Gino said faintly, "Come in and have some coffee." He meant to run on himself to look for the sheep and thus gain a little time.

"I'll put the cow in the paddock first," said Refki.

As the boys rounded the corner of the house, a bedraggled dog, guarding the half open gate of the paddock sprang forward, yelping for joy; and inside the fence of willow Gino caught sight of five snowy sheep huddled close together in the rain. He gazed open-mouthed a moment and then burst out laughing while Miff danced about him.

It was very plain to him now what had happened. When he had whistled to his dog and then gone for his cloak, Miff had left his rabbit-chasing and come racing back. He had found no one there but the sheep. His especial charges were wandering in the road. Faithful to his trust, he had rounded them up and with lordly mien had driven them back into the paddock. Then as the gate was open he had sat down before it until someone should come to shut it.

Gino said never a word to his friend about the fright he had had. He helped him to tie the cow and then in the dusky kitchen he made him the best cup of coffee he had ever tasted.



"In a trice the handsome soldier had handed the shivering wretch half of his beautiful cloak." From a painting by Lerolle

Saint Martin and His Day

THE beggar at the gate of Amiens shivered and tried to draw his rags together against the cold wind. All morning he had been there asking alms, but none had helped him. Now the only persons in sight were some Roman soldiers who approached the gate. There was never any help to be had from them, thought the beggar. Men like the leader of this band, young and handsome, sitting his white charger with careless grace, had no eyes for the poor. But when the young soldier caught sight of the beggar, he whipped out his sword and in a trice handed the shivering wretch half of his beautiful crimson cloak, then spurred his horse and quickly joined his companions before the man could recover his speech.

So goes the story of St. Martin, who was not a saint then, but a Roman soldier following the profession of his father, a famous general. His father was a pagan, but Martin, like his Emperor, Constantine, believed in the Christian religion. That night in his barracks at Amiens, he had a dream in which Christ appeared wearing the half of his crimson cloak and saying to the angels: "You see how well I am arrayed. My servant Martin, though he is not yet baptized, hath done this for me." And right after that Martin was baptized.

For some years he continued to be a soldier, though this was not to his taste, and when he was forty years old he said that he wanted to

leave the army. At first he went as a missionary among the people of the mountains, which were full of robbers and brigands in those days. But none harmed him and many listened. Then he was made Bishop of Tours and died full of years and good works.

In many European countries November 11 is observed as St. Martin's Day, or Martinmas, as it is called in England. Many customs and sayings have gathered around it. It was once the day that new wine was drawn from the lees and tasted and there were feasts like our Thanksgiving. The French say, "On St. Martin's Day the winter is on the way." "If St. Martin's Day be bright and sunshiny, there will be a hard winter," is another saying. In England those warm November days that we call Indian Summer are called St. Martin's Summer and the old story is that when St. Martin gave his cloak to the beggar on that freezing day, all at once the sun shone warmly and summer came again.

On St. Martin's Eve the children of Bonn, Germany, parade around the Market Square carrying lighted lanterns of all shapes and colors and singing St. Martin's song. At the end of the procession is a chariot filled with cackling geese, which will be the feature of tomorrow's dinner. It is traditional to have a goose on that day, just as it is our custom to have a turkey at Thanksgiving.

A Dauntless Maid of Old England

FRANCES MARGARET FOX

Illustrations by Marguerite de Angeli

WHEN you behold Mary Fisher walking across the pages of history you feel like rubbing your eyes. She seems more likely to have stepped out of a fairy tale. But the story of Mary Fisher is true, and in the part in which the heroine "lived happily ever after," South Carolina was her home.

In the seventeenth century world of England in which Mary opened her eyes all little girls were expected to be "seen and not heard." In fact, many then believed that women had no souls. But Mary Fisher knew quite well that she had a soul, and when she grew up she became a Quaker, and for her faith was sent to prison.

After a year and a half of horrors in that Yorkshire prison, Mary went to Cambridge as a missionary to the students. Another Friend went with her and those two women were treated with wicked cruelty.

Mary Fisher next turned her face toward New England where the Puritans were in power. She was one of the first two Quaker women to visit our shores. To prison she went straight from the ship, and Ann Austin with her. Determined that Quakers should neither see nor be seen, their jailer put boards over their one window. They had a miserable time for weeks, before they were deported.

Home again in England, Mary Fisher began thinking about the soul of the Sultan of Turkey. She believed that God told her that He wished her to go straight to the Sultan with a message from Him. For Mary Fisher to hear the voice of God was to obey it, and so she fared forth on the most desperate mission ever undertaken by a religious maiden.

At this time the wide world feared and hated the Turks, and for a young woman to set out alone to their war camp at Adrianople was a daring adventure. If the Christians to whom she had gone with her message had treated Mary Fisher badly, what could she expect from the "unspeakable Turk?"

In due time Mary arrived at Smyrna. There the English Consul told the Quaker maiden that she must go back to England. There was no safe place in the Sultan's lands for a pretty girl

like her. So he put her on a ship homeward bound, wishing her a pleasant voyage and a safe arrival in England.

That English Consul didn't know Mary. She went quietly on board the ship and sailed away from Smyrna. But when she told the captain that she had been sent by the Great King with a message for the Sultan at Adrianople, which she must deliver, he allowed her to leave his ship at the next port. Perhaps he waved his hand towards Adrianople, and said something like this:

"Friend Mary, if you keep traveling in that direction for six hundred miles, then you may find the terrible Sultan in camp with his army. And I would fain warn you that the way is rough over the wild mountains and through the wilderness of Greece and Macedonia. And if you survive the dangers of the way, methinks the camp of Mahomet IV is no safe place for an English maiden."

Doubtless in later, happier days, Mary Fisher told her children details of the adventures of that journey, for God was surely with her all the way and no harm befell His messenger.

The powerful ruler whom Mary had come to visit had many titles. Here is a beginning of the list:

"Mahomet, sone of the Emperour, sone of God, thrice heavenly and thrice known as the renowned Emperour of the Turks, King of Greece, Macedonia and Moldavia, King of Samaria and Hungary, King of Greater and Lesser Egypt, King of all the inhabitants of the Earth and the Earthly Paradise, Guardian of the Sepulchre of thy God, Lord of the Tree of Life, Lord of all the Emperours of the World from the East even to the West, Grand Persecutor of the Christians and of all the wicked, the Joy of the flourishing Tree," and on, and on, and on like that.

The old-time historians had a way of skipping interesting chronicles of peace, and no word has come down to us of the perils and deliverances of Mary Fisher, as alone and on foot she trod the rocky trails of that foreign land to the camp of the Sultan.

But there are various traditions about her arrival at Adrianople. Whether they are fact or



There she stood in her simple Quaker gray, with a white cap on her pretty head, in the presence of the Sultan and his court

fancy, it is pleasing to believe that when the Sultan heard that a young English woman had arrived after an amazing journey on foot to deliver a message to him from the Lord, he gave her a tent in which to rest for twenty-four hours. He probably sent his slaves to offer richly embroidered silken garments for her appearance at court. The story is that she did accept one of the gifts, and permitted a slave woman to replace her worn-out shoes with a costly pair of Turkish slippers. However this may be, Mary Fisher was dressed in her own Quaker costume, freshened and made spotless, when she walked at last into the Sultan's pavilion.

The Sultan had set up a camp of dazzling splendor on the wooded hills outside Adrianople. The two thousand tents of his great army were of gleaming silk. His own silken pavilion was lined with gold embroidery. At this time, in June, 1658, Mahomet IV was a sixteen-year-old boy. The power behind the throne was his aged Grand Vizier, and it was he who set the stage for Mary's appearance at court.

William Sewel, the famous historian of the early day Friends, is content to tell only the plain

outstanding facts. He assures us that Mary was received with the ceremonies accorded the ambassadors of kings, for she had sent word to the Sultan that she had come with a message from the Great King. So there she stood in her simple Quaker gray, with a white cap on her pretty head, in the presence of the Sultan and his court, all arrayed in oriental splendor of color and flashing jewels. In the words of the old story: "The Sultan asked her whether it was so as he had heard, that she had a message from the Lord? She answered, Yea. Then he bade her speak on (having three interpreters by him) and when she stood still a little, waiting on the Lord when to speak, he supposing she might be fearful to utter her mind before them all, asked her, Whether she desired that any of them might go out before she spake? She answered, Nay."

Doubtless the Sultan supposed that this English girl stood in fear of him. And to be sure, one word from him, and the Yea and Nay maiden might have lost her head then and there. But Mary was not afraid.

To go back to the old story: "Then the Sultan bade her speak the word of the Lord to them,

and not to fear, for they had good hearts and could bear it, and strictly charged her to speak the word she had from the Lord, neither more nor less, for they were willing to hear it, be it what it would."

Mary Fisher must have been surprised by all this unexpected, unheard of courtesy. It was very different from the treatment she had received from her own countrymen. When she had delivered her message, "The Sultan asked her whether she had anything more to say. She asked Whether he had understood what she said? He replied, Yes, every word, adding that it was the truth, and desired her to stay in that country, saying that they could not but respect such a one as had taken so much pains to come to them so far as from England with a message from the Lord."

After that the Turks asked Mary questions. They wished to know what she thought about their prophet Mahomet. Of course Mary had never heard any good of Mahomet, but since those who were following in his footsteps had treated her so kindly and politely, she must have decided rather suddenly that Mahomet had his good points.

Anyway, Mary was wise. "She answered warily that she knew him not, but Christ that enlightened every man who came into the world, Him she knew. . . . And concerning Mahomet she said, they might judge him to be false or true according to the words and prophecies which he spake. The Turks confessed this to be true."

Although the Sultan wished Mary to stay at his court she felt that she must go on to Constantinople. He then offered to send an escort of his fierce soldiers to protect her on the

journey, "which she not accepting," continues the story, "but trusting to the arm of the Lord, who had brought her safe hither, to conduct her back again, he told her, It was dangerous traveling, especially for such a one as she, and wondered she had passed safe so far as she had, saying, it was respect and kindness to her that he offered her a guard, and that he would not for anything she should come to hurt in his dominions."

But Mary Fisher knew in Whom she trusted, so, "having performed her mission, she departed from the camp to Constantinople, without a guard, whither she came without the least hurt or scoff, the Turks in this behalf receiving her message with far more respect and civility than she had often met with from those who covered themselves with a profession of Christianity. And so she returned to England."

At home again in England Mary Fisher married a seafaring man and thus became Mrs. William Bayley. Mr. Bayley was a Quaker preacher, and one day he left Mary and their family of little children, for a missionary visit to the American Colonies. He died on board ship, saying with his last breath, "Remember my love to my dear wife; she will be a sorrowful widow. But let her not mourn too much, for it is well with me."

A few years later the valiant Mary crossed the Atlantic the second time. She had now become the wife of John Crosse, and had in this way provided her little flock of children with a kind, new father. Quakers were no longer persecuted in the New World. Thus it came about that Mary Fisher of the "precious heart" lived "happily ever after" in South Carolina.

THIS is "President Wilson," a famous veteran of the World War. Back in 1918 he was a powerful young bird of wonderful vitality, and a very speedy flyer. He was attached to the Tank Corps in France. One gray, foggy morning, during intense machine gun and artillery action, he was released at Grand Pre with a very important message. Twenty-five minutes later he reached his home station, 40 kilometers away, and delivered his message safely; but one leg had been shot away and a machine gun bullet had pierced his breast. After the war "President Wilson" and two other pigeons who had given great service in France were taken to Fort Monmouth, N. J., where they lived with the young carrier pigeons who were being trained by the Army Signal Corps.



What's Happening in India

ONE of the best loved men in the world is a little, brown gentlemen of sixty-one, who sits in a jail in India. His feet are bare and he is dressed in coarse white cotton which he has woven for himself. He does not complain, he does not resist, he does not hate his jailers. And neither do his jailers hate him. They give him comfortable quarters, supply him with milk from goats kept specially for the purpose and look well after his health. The man is Gandhi, called Mahatma, or Saint, by his followers, who almost worship him. His jailers are the British, who, though he has done no violence, believe that he must be kept in jail for the sake of the welfare and safety of many people. For Gandhi has for years been trying to arouse the Indians against British rule. Now his thousands of followers in the Nationalistic Party are trying to gain independence for India.

Gandhi disapproves of fighting of any kind, so that it is not a question of taking up arms against the British but of finally wearing them out until they will let the country go. He says that the British are in India because they want her trade. Therefore, the Nationalists are refusing to buy British-made goods. One of the principal items that England sells to India is cotton cloth, the dress of nearly all of the 320,000,000 Indians. So Gandhi and his followers are refusing to buy cotton made in British factories either in England or in India, but are spinning and weaving their own cotton at home. As a result children in English mill towns will feel the pinch of want this winter because the factories where their fathers have worked to make cotton for the Indian trade are laying off men.

Indians must buy salt from the British government at the price it fixes. "Make salt for yourselves from sea water," said Gandhi. Early last spring he set out from Ahmadabad to walk barefooted 165 miles to the sea at Bombay. Many followers joined him and at Bombay, without violence of any sort, they made salt from sea water. Then trouble began all over the vast country.

It looks as if it will be a long time before the situation will clear up in India. The Gandhi men seem to think that the dreadful misery and poverty and lack of education in India are all



Indian women, followers of Gandhi, picket the shops in Bombay

the fault of the British rule. Many workers do not earn as much as a dollar a week and just about all of them are hungry. The British declare that they will be only too glad to get out when India has shown that she can govern herself. But now, they say, look at the fierce religious hatreds between the Hindus and the Mohammedans. If their support which has kept the country together so far and given it whatever prosperity it has, were to be withdrawn, they say, Moslems and Hindus would fly at each others' throats and the whole land would fall into disorder and bloodshed. "But," answer the Nationalists, "Moslems and Hindus have joined in our party, which would rule independent India."

"Then," the British say, "how can you get a united country with your caste system?" For centuries India has had hundreds of castes, and a man can never climb out of the caste into which he was born or associate with people of a higher caste. At the top are the Brahmins, with many grades among themselves; and at the bottom are millions of Untouchables, whose lot is the hardest one could possibly imagine. Says the *Children's Newspaper*, of London:

"In Malabar the Untouchable may not approach a Hindu of higher caste within a certain distance, and if he sees him walking in the street he must leave the road or call aloud to give the other warning of his approach. No valor, intellect, worth, wealth or eminence whatsoever can ever make the Untouchable acceptable to the rest; he was born in the wrong caste and is fated to be forever beyond the pale."

Yet the Untouchables' lot is improving. Although Gandhi is a Brahmin, he does not draw away from them, but considers them brothers. Many have joined the Nationalists and, indeed, the whole caste system is showing signs of change.

AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS

Published monthly, September to May, inclusive, by AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS, Washington, D. C. Copyright, 1930, by the American National Red Cross.

Subscription rate 30 cents a year, exclusive of June, July, and August; single copies, 10 cents. School subscriptions should be forwarded to the local Red Cross Chapter School Committee; if chapter address is unknown, send subscriptions to Branch Office, or to National Headquarters, American Junior Red Cross, Washington, D. C. All subscriptions for individuals should be sent to American Junior Red Cross, Washington, D. C. Notice of any individual subscriber's change of address must be sent direct to the Washington office.

Vol. 12 NOVEMBER, 1930 No. 3

National Officers of the American Red Cross

HERBERT HOOVER.....President
ROBERT W. DE FOREST.....Vice-President
CALVIN COOLIDGE.....Vice-President

JOHN BARTON PAYNE.....Chairman Central Committee
THOMAS D. THACHER.....Counselor
ORDEN L. MILLS.....Treasurer
MABEL T. BOARDMAN.....Secretary
JAMES L. FIERER.....Vice-Chairman
ERNEST P. BICKNELL.....Vice-Chairman
JAMES K. MCCLINTOCK.....Vice-Chairman

H. B. WILSON.....Director, Junior Red Cross
ELLEN MCBRYDE BROWN.....Editor, Junior Red Cross Publications

*November is a ghost month; the ghost of goldenrod
is haunting every roadside; a ghostly milkweed pod
Still hangs here, gray and empty; a ghostly wind
sweeps by.*

November is a ghost month, a phantom and a sigh.

H. C. LEC. in *The Portal*.

THE GIRL ON THE CALENDAR

BLOWN-LEAF was not afraid of wild cats or foxes. She went all over the mountain alone or her pinto, stuffing her saddlebags with piñon nuts and cutting "devil-claw," the cruel, black thorny scrub that her grandmother so prized for basket-making. But when she was told that she must go away to boarding school she trembled with fear.

She loved the smoky snugness of her pole-and-brush home, the pot of beans and the black water jar made of twigs plastered inside with piñon pitch. Most of all she loved the black-eyed papoose so lately come to live with them.

At the school things were strange and uncomfortable. The white man did not know how to live, Blown-Leaf thought. She had to learn to wear shoes, to sit on a chair and drink milk. She had never seen a book and much of the time did not know what was being said to her in the strange English language. But she had clever fingers. One day the teacher showed her copy-book to the class. "Blown-Leaf has not been here a month," she said, "yet see how well she

writes." The sewing class teacher gave her scraps of flannel and bright cotton, and from them Blown-Leaf made a rag doll dressed like the Apache women of her tribe, in long, full skirts and moccasins. So each day she learned something new and began to feel proud of it.

Her hair was brushed smoothly and she wore a dark blue dress with a white collar. Would her mother know her, she wondered?

Then one day as she came out of the classroom she saw a thin line of smoke rising from behind the hedge straight into the golden cottonwood trees. She sniffed and took in a delicious whiff of jerked mutton stew.

Stealthily Blown-Leaf began tacking across the lawn behind the shrubbery until she reached the hedge that surrounded the school grounds. Peeking through she saw a sight that made her flatten like a rabbit and crawl through the hedge regardless of the new blue dress. For there squatted her mother stirring a pot over the fire, while propped against a tree, little Wing-Foot in his deerskin carrier blinked his black eyes at her.

That night at supper half the school was missing, for beyond the hedge an Apache pow-wow was being held under the cottonwoods, and the chief of the feast was Wing-Foot in his carrier.

A CHRISTMAS PLAY

WE HAVE a beautiful Christmas play, called "Once in Bethlehem," written especially for us by Beulah Folmsbee, one of the editors of *House Beautiful*. The play has a number of characters, but the principal parts are played by an innkeeper too greedy to let lodgings to any who cannot pay well; Nathan, his stable boy and drudge, and Jeriah, an old blind man who has dreamed of the Messiah who shall come, "not as the captain of armies, but as one who heals their wounds." When Joseph and Mary are turned away by the innkeeper, Nathan offers them his sleeping place in the stable and goes out to sit with the shepherds on the hills. In the final scene Nathan returns with the shepherds, who have been led by a star to his stable, and at the back of the stage are Joseph and Mary and the baby Jesus. In the last line Jeriah cries out: "The light! The light! The light! God be praised—Emmanuel!"

The play is too long to be printed in the *News*—it will take about an hour to give it. But it is so good that we have had it mimeographed and it will be sent to any school that applies for it. Write to the American Junior Red Cross, Washington, D. C.

Yesterday's Foe Becomes the Friend of Tomorrow

WHEN a ship sails into the fine harbor at Port Arthur in Manchuria, one of the first things its passengers see is a monument set high on a hill. It is a beautiful monument and it is a remarkable one. For it was erected by money collected from the Japanese people and it honors the Russian soldiers who fell in battle with Japan's own soldiers when the two nations were fighting so hard for possession of the port twenty-five years ago. Part of the inscription on the polished granite reads:

"In conformity with the law of humanity, yesterday's foe becomes the friend of tomorrow."

When it was put up such a monument was something new. After bitter wars, hatreds have generally died hard. Indeed, it almost seems as if, in the past, they have been deliberately kept alive, especially by celebrating the anniversary of this victory or that. But that is not true of the years following the World War. When it ended at last on November 11, 1918, people were so thankful it was over that the world rang with rejoicings and everyone felt the determination that nothing so terrible should ever come again. Since then the great memorial day of that war is not the anniversary of a victory but the day when the guns ceased firing. On Armistice Day the world expresses its solemn regret for the fallen and dedicates its thoughts to peace.

One of the most beautiful illustrations of the new spirit is a gift made to Arras, a town in northern France left after the War with scarcely a tree. Penny by penny, German women across the border saved enough money to buy trees to replace those destroyed by the German troops and in January, 1926, they carried their gifts to Arras. The Mayor and the Council of Arras welcomed them.

In Yugoslavia November 11 is observed as Peace Day, with special ceremonies and talks in all the schools. This is what Voislav Petzarski, an eleven-year-old boy of Yugoslavia, wrote last year on the subject his teacher had given the class, "What Can I Do for World Peace":

I meditated over my teacher's speech, made on the Day of Peace. I thought: "What can a little boy like me do for world peace?"

I have heard from my father about the horrors of the war and I have seen in the war album many dreadful pictures, especially those showing the retreat through Albania and the life of our refugees on the island of Vid. I was very much frightened listening to my father's stories.

He told me about the great World War in which there



When the great Graf Zeppelin paid its first visit to this country, Dr. Hugo Eckener, its commander, visited Arlington and laid a wreath on the tomb of the Unknown Soldier

perished about twenty million men. And he said many were wounded and crippled, who remained to live, but are not capable of working! They are invalids. In our town, too, there are many invalids with mutilated bodies. And my father explained to me that these men suffered during the War. Also there are many women, who are always sorrowful and clad in black. They are the war-widows and their children—my friends—are the war-orphans.

This year on Peace Day I meditated over all this and asked myself in what way I could contribute to the establishment of world peace. I cannot do much, but yet I can do something.

I shall not get angry with Laza, Mita and Stojan, when they tease me. I shall try, too, not to offend them. We shall agree not to quarrel any more but to live in love and harmony. When we three agree, all the pupils in the class will do the same and we shall not quarrel any more.

We shall found a society of pupils and shall all be friends. Having done this we shall write to our friends in other countries, about which we have learned in geography lessons and we shall say to them:

"DEAR FRIENDS:

"We love very much our dear mother-country, Yugoslavia, and we know that you, too, love your country. Therefore let us vow that when we grow up we shall not wage wars any more and kill one another, because war is horrible and disgusting. We shall respect each other's country and shall never offend it. In future we all shall settle all disputes in a peaceful way.

"May God help us to carry out our intention!

"We shall work for this purpose."



A goat market in Tirana, Albania. Very likely some of Mehmet's goats were sold in this very market

“Man Is Not the Only Intelligent Animal”

MEHMET SHEHU, a student in the Albanian Vocational School at Tirana, wrote for an album going to a school in Virginia a letter telling about the life of an Albanian shepherd boy. Some of his adventures make one think of Gino's lost sheep in Miss Upjohn's story.

DEAR FRIENDS:

I THINK you might be interested to know about the life of an Albanian shepherd boy. Some years before coming to this school I was a shepherd. We had about 150 goats at my home. My cousin and I had to tend them. When he was busy at something else, I had to stay alone with my flock in the great woods during the day. We had made two shelters for them. One was near home and the other distant about an hour's walk. We kept the flock in the farther one from autumn until the time of giving birth in February. Then we drove them to the shelters near home. We had three dogs with us. During the day we tied the big dog with a chain in a shelter. The other two came with the flock into the woods, running before them.

“One December a great snowfall came upon us. It started during the night. My cousin and I were in our cabin and the flock in their shelter. Day came and it was still snowing. It kept on until by ten o'clock in the morning the snow had reached a depth of about sixteen inches. We had enough dry wood for fire, but our parents were worrying about us and about the flock. Each landowner hires a head farmer. After a time we heard the voice of our farmer calling us. He had ridden our mare and brought food for us. He

told us to drive the flock home. There was no road to be seen, but our farmer rode the mare and showed us the way. We took the big bells off the necks of the billy goats and they followed the tracks of the mare. The whole flock, in a line, followed the billy goats. From the shelters up to the main road was usually half an hour's walk, but on this day it took us two hours. Within four hours we arrived home. It was very cold. We drove the flock into their shelters and put those that were weak and shivering near a fire. This was a severe winter and when birthtime came, many of the small kids died. This made us sorry, not because we should lose profit but because a shepherd really loves his flock.

“The wolves caused great damage that winter. One night we had driven the flock into the shelters. We were sleeping in our cabin. The three dogs had been let loose. The night was very dark. A wolf managed to get into one of the shelters and caught a young goat by its throat. The goat bleated and the dogs barked, but there was no way for them to get in. My cousin waked me and we both ran to the door. My cousin opened the door and the big dog rushed in. The dog and the wolf dashed at each other's throats and the goat was saved. The wolf could not hold his own with the dog and so jumped over the fence and ran away. The three dogs chased it a long way. After that night no wolves attacked our flock, but they attacked the flocks of others. I am sure that the wolves knew our dogs were too strong for them.

“Some goats hide when they give birth. One morning I was near a forest taking care of a goat

which was ready to have a kid. My cousin was with the flock. Two young men from my village were hunting near me. One of the dogs came upon a hog lair. There were nine young pigs, the sow and boar. The hogs ran toward me. I was afraid and climbed a sapling. There I was not afraid, for I knew that the boar's tusks could not reach me. After a while the hogs went away. The goat, which I had been guarding, was afraid and had run away. I could not find it. My cousin went to search for it and I stayed with the flock, but afraid of the boar, I climbed one tree after another, at the same time trying to keep with my flock. It was a time of terror for me. My cousin found the goat which had given birth to a female kid.

"Some goats are not fond of their first kids and do not suckle them. We tied these goats by their necks and let the kids suck; and during the night we kept these kids near the fire in our cabin. There were also some kids whose mothers had died. We suckled them to other goats. A part of the shelter was separated for the goats with young.

"In September we sow our oat fields. Here the goats graze after they have had kids. When the kids grow a little they are separated from their mothers during the day. When their mothers return they jump up and down and bleat with great joy for they may stay with their mothers during the night.

"Our goats give birth in February. On the 12th of April we milk them once a day, in the evening. Then the kids are let free to meet their mothers. We do not milk the goats dry but leave some for the kids. During the day, the kids are driven to small shrubs and begin to chew leaves, getting a little of the nourishing sap, but they spend most of the time jumping and playing on the clay slopes. How pleasant it is to see

small kids playing! After they are old enough they can eat leaves and are not any more in need of their mother's food, and we wean them. They are let free with their mothers in August when they have forgotten about the sucking of milk. During this time we milk the mother goats twice a day, morning and evening. In summer time we drive the kids and goats out of their shelters into the open. When it is very hot at midday the flocks are driven to shades. In the evening the goats are milked and driven into the forest. They graze during the night. At midnight they come together and lie down for about three hours. Then they again start grazing until the sun is, in goatboy's language, about four sticks above the horizon. Then they are milked and driven again to shady places, where they drink and rest. The kids in a separate flock are driven also into the forest in the evening.

"We had a pet black goat. It was very gentle. When we called it, while it was grazing, it would at once come and show all signs of affection to us. One of our dogs had the habit of going to each goat and pulling off the goat lice. When a goat called out for the dog he would go to it and begin delousing.

"Two years ago, to the sorrow of our dogs, we sold the goats and bought sheep. During the first week when the dogs went into the forests where they had been before, they howled in grief for their goats. How sorry I felt for them, for they had long been used to goats and missed them sadly; but today they are looking after the sheep, faithfully, but not with the love they showed towards the goats.

"I know my anecdotes will cause smiles of doubt, but become a shepherd and live with animals, and then you, too, will learn that man is not the only intelligent animal and not the only one which is kind and helpful to others."

Good-Night Prayer

AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR

*Our Father, You have given me
So much of love and joy today
That I am thinking joy and love
To other children far away.
Wherever they lie down to sleep
Happy and tired with work and play,
Yellow and brown and black and white,
Our Father, bless them all tonight!*

—Copied into an album which Public School 73,
Brooklyn, N. Y., sent to a school in Germany

The Ducks' Feathers

CAROL DELLA CHIESA

Illustrations by Marie Abrams Lawson

IT WAS late fall, many years ago. The weather was beginning to grow cold. The wind from the north swept down upon the city of Prague in chill, damp gusts. In the parks and on the avenues the leaves scurried along, as if in search of shelter from the coming blasts of winter.

On the hills near the city hundreds of birds were gathering for their long trip south, where warm breezes and sunny skies would welcome them and keep them safe for many weeks. Among the birds were the wild ducks, sitting close together on the banks of a pond. They looked like a huge, heavy cloud full of rain, for at that time the ducks' feathers were of a dull gray shade, not at all pretty or gay or attractive as they are today.

Near the pond where the ducks had gathered lived an old woman. She was a very poor old woman and she had very little money to spend, either for food or for dainties. She knew how to shoot, however, and many a duck had fallen victim to her gun. So seldom did she miss a shot that the people of the countryside said she possessed magic powers. After killing a duck, the woman plucked off its feathers and sold them to the pillow-makers or the feather bed-makers in Prague. She never touched the money she received from the sales, but put it away under a stone in the floor of her hut. Year by year, her hoard increased.

"When I have enough," she would say to her-



"Why are you leaving us so soon this year, friends?" the old woman asked in a voice she tried to make sweet.

self, "I can buy myself a house in Prague and all the dainties I want. I shall have no more shooting to do."

The day the ducks gathered for their southern trip the old woman watched them from her doorway and wondered what would become of her when they had gone.

"I shall surely die of hunger," she thought, as she watched them. Suddenly an idea flashed through her mind.

"If it works I shall have food for months and enough money after that to buy my house in Prague," she said to herself.

When her plans were well settled, she walked quickly down to the pond, where the ducks had assembled.

"And why are you leaving us so soon this

year, friends?" she asked in a voice she tried to make sweet.

"The wind is blowing colder each day, Mother, and our feathers are not heavy enough to protect us. We must go before we freeze to death," answered the leader of the band.

"I am sorry indeed to see you go," said the old woman. "Will you at least honor my house before you depart? I have not much to give you, but we can enjoy each other's company and feast a little."

The ducks, overjoyed to think that anyone thought enough of them to invite them to her house, gladly accepted. The hut was not very large, but it held them all, for ducks need little room and no chairs at all. They sat on the win-

dows, on the doors, on top of the old black wardrobe which stood in a corner. Some of them found room over the warm fireplace, where the mantelpiece overhung the hearth. Others perched on the beams which crossed the room just below the ceiling.

The old woman brought out cornmeal and water and mixed them into a delicious meal for her visitors. After they had feasted a long time, she invited them to dance. All the ducks agreed heartily to the suggestion.

"Wait for me a moment," she said to them. "I shall return," and she hobbled out. After a few minutes she came back with a great many pots, filled with paints of all the colors of the rainbow.

"First," she said, "you must each choose what color you want your feathers painted, that you may look beautiful as you dance."

The ducks all agreed that one color was not enough.

"You must give each of us a bit of every color you have," the leader advised.

"Very well, you may have your wish," said the old woman.

One after the other the ducks came up to her and received a bit of color from each pot. Yellow, blues, browns, greens, a touch of red, a flash of purple—everything blended to make the feathers brilliantly beautiful.

"Now, let the dance begin," ordered the old woman. "We shall start with the Dance of the

Blind. It is called that because as you dance around the fire, you must keep your eyes closed. Whichever one of you opens her eyes will have red eyes for the rest of her life. Ready!"

The ducks closed their eyes and began to dance around the fire. But as soon as one of them passed near the woman, it was seized, tied and thrown into a large box near the fire.

Now it happened that one little duck was a very curious little duck. How she longed to open her eyes to see what was happening! Finally she could not resist any longer and she opened her eyes, just a little, just for a moment. But that moment was enough to tell her what was happening. Swiftly she gave the alarm.

"Save yourselves. Be quick," she cried, "or the old woman will make prisoners of you. Many of our brothers and sisters have been caught already."

The ducks waited for no second warning. They opened their eyes and flew away so fast that they even forgot to wash the paint off their feathers.

This is the reason why the wild ducks that live in the woods have such wonderfully colored feathers. Some of them have a bit of gray still showing on neck or wing. The old woman had been careless as she painted them and had forgotten a feather here and there—sometimes even more.

And because the ducks opened their eyes, as they stood near the fire, many of them today have blinking red eyes.



One after another the ducks came up and received a bit of color from each pot



Guiuan School Juniors in the Philippines, doing a toothbrush drill for their dentist

Our Juniors on the Job

A LONG flooded rivers in bancas that sometimes upset in the swift current and on horseback among outlaw chieftains, as well as by train and automobile, the Filipino Junior Red Cross dentists go on their long journeys to look after the school children's teeth and explain their care.

The 643 pupils in the Guiuan Elementary School, on the Island of Samar, are nearly all members of the Junior Red Cross and Dr. P. A. Almonte is their dentist. The principal sent the picture of the children doing a drill with the brandnew brushes they had just bought. All over the Islands you see fine public school buildings like the Guiuan School. The many windows, large doors and wide porches make the rooms light and airy during the hot, hot days. The windowpanes are of translucent shell. Glass panes would let in too much sun and heat. Good roofs keep out the heavy tropical rains.

WHEN Red Cross Roll Call time came around last November, Juniors of the Fairmount School of Bristol, the city in the Blue Ridge Mountains that is partly in Tennessee and partly in Virginia, helped all they could. One ten-year-old made a really fine radio speech, saying that the children in Fairmount School were enrolled 100 per cent in the Junior Red Cross so it certainly seemed as if their parents should become senior members; and an orchestra of six pieces, directed by a twelve-year-old, played some selections for the radio audience. Besides this, the sixth grade gave a lively little play for their parents. It was called "Monkey Business" and they had made it up themselves. The actors dressed as monkeys and in one act there was a booth with a girl posed to represent the Roll Call

poster and the "monkeys" came around and joined the Red Cross. This school has adopted a girl who was hurt in the tornado that tore into Rye Cove, near Bristol, about eighteen months ago, blowing down the schoolhouse, killing a teacher and twelve of the children and injuring sixty-seven others. They are now helping this girl through her work in Berea College, where she is preparing herself to earn her own living.

LAST Armistice Day members of the Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, Junior Red Cross gave a radio program for the ex-service men in hospitals. War veterans listened in at the Aspinwall Veterans' Hospital and at the Pittsburgh Marine Hospital. Trumpet clubs gave a salute to the colors and, after the reading of "Lest We Forget," sounded taps. A blind girl gave readings, and a six-year-old child of a World War veteran gave the Pledge to the Flag. A boys' chorus closed the program with the Junior Red Cross World Song.

"CHER AMI Who Saved the 'Lost Battalion'"* was the favorite story of the children of the Lantana-Hypoluxo School, at Lantana, Florida, and their teacher read it aloud so many times that she expected them to tire of it. But they didn't, and when one day a beautiful canary imported from Germany was given the school by a friend, everybody said immediately, "Let's name him Cher Ami." So they had a christening party and named the canary after the pigeon that flew to Seventy-seventh Division Headquarters "somewhere in France" with the message that brought rescue to a battal-

*"Cher Ami Who Saved the 'Lost Battalion'" by Frances Margaret Fox in JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS, November, 1927.

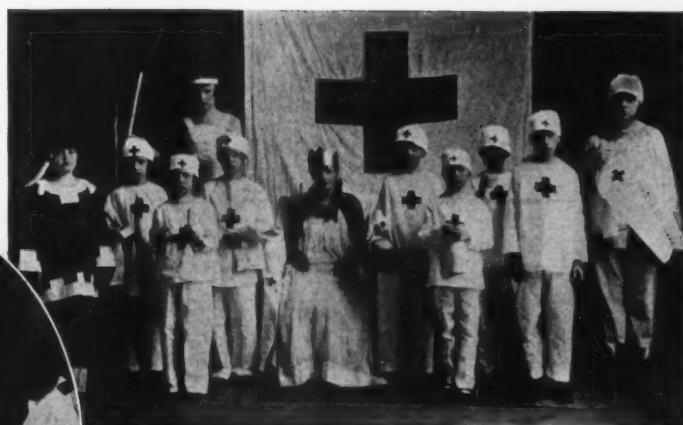
The pictures on this page all show how Juniors have helped either with senior Roll Call or in increasing the number of their own Junior memberships. In Brooklyn, New York, Public School No. 78 (below) helped the New York Chapter by sorting buttons for Roll Call use



Grade five children of Kellogg Avenue School in Amherst, Massachusetts, divided into two teams (below)—Knights of the Red Cross and Red Cross Eagles—for their membership drive. They wrote and gave a play which closed with the words, "Won't you join, too?"

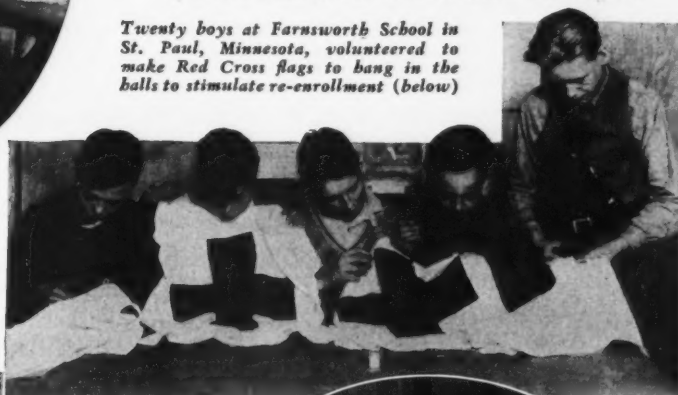


During Roll Call last year the Second Ward Public School of Indiana, Pennsylvania, was putting on a fair. By special permission one room was called the Junior Red Cross room (right). The children made candy, caps and posters and dressed dolls to sell to the guests at the fair



These Juniors of Bell County, Texas (above), appeared before nine clubs in the county just before Roll Call in a play written for them by the Red Cross Public Health nurse

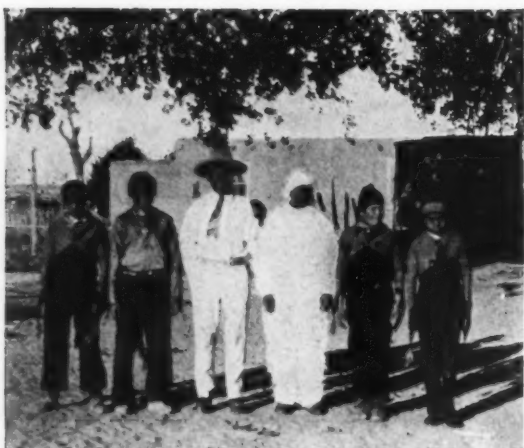
Twenty boys at Farnsworth School in St. Paul, Minnesota, volunteered to make Red Cross flags to hang in the halls to stimulate re-enrollment (below)



ion in the Argonne Forest about to be killed to the last man.

Even from the beginning when everybody was strange to him the new Cher Ami was such a sweet singer that he was elected right off to the Rhythmic Band, made up of 17 children of the first three grades. Now Cher Ami never misses a concert and nearly bursts his throat singing

whenever the Band plays. Soon after Cher Ami's adoption along came a box of bamboo gifts from the Tateda School in Chiba Prefecture, Japan, with which the Florida school had corresponded for four years. A delightful bamboo bird cage sat right in the middle of a dozen other fascinating articles. So today, Cher Ami, a canary born in Germany, given a French name and adopted



Jack Frost and four Brownies in the play "Spring Glow" at the Indian Mission School in Jemez, New Mexico

as a beloved member of an American school family, takes his ease in a handsome bird cage made and given by friends in Japan!

IN A letter to Junior Red Cross Headquarters, Paul Karmel tells how the Louisiana School for the Blind at Baton Rouge happened to get Anna Milo Upjohn's "Friends in Strange Garments" in Braille from the Juniors of Petworth School in Washington, D. C.:

DEAR JUNIOR RED CROSS FRIENDS:

At the Parent-Teachers' Association, they give five dollars to the room that has the most parents. At the meeting last spring, our teacher said "if" we got the money, what would we buy? We read in the JUNIOR RED CROSS News about giving a book for the blind children. Most of the children said they wanted to buy a book for the blind with three dollars and then buy another book for the room, so everybody could read it. That night we didn't win the money. About three weeks ago we won the prize, and while the other children were talking about buying radios, books, and different things, I remembered about buying a book for the blind. So we voted on it and everybody voted for it.

SOME of the best times the children in the Indian Mission School at Jemez, New Mexico, had last year were the hours they spent in getting up the pretty play, "Spring Glow," which they gave at the end of the year. Their mothers said that simply nothing in the world would keep them from going to school those days. Besides earning their own subscriptions to the News, these Juniors took pride in decorating their schoolroom and keeping it clean. At Thanksgiv-

ing and Easter time they made greeting cards for their little brothers and sisters, for their parents, for the old people in their pueblo and even for men in the nearest Veterans' hospital. They worked hard to improve their English, which is still a rather strange tongue to some of them, and they made booklets to exchange with schools in the eastern part of the United States. One of the special points in their Junior program is always looking out for the younger children.

NOW that so many good motor roads have been run through the eastern part of Virginia, many tourists come to visit Jamestown Island where the early settlers established the first English colony in America, away back in 1607. Surry County Juniors have been making the most of their chances to raise money for their Service Fund. Peanut planters of the neighborhood have given them generous quantities of peanuts and these the Juniors have put into neat handmade bags which they sell to the motorists. "After you've eaten the peanuts, you still have a grand beanie bag" said one of the Junior salesmen.

LAST Thanksgiving, two thousand families of Knoxville and Knox County, Tennessee, got baskets overflowing with good things from the Junior Red Cross. Forty-nine county schools and thirty city schools joined to make the whole thing a success. A committee of Juniors got the names of needy families from the Associated Charities and each family was visited to see what its needs were. Then the baskets were filled accordingly and were given in such a way that nobody's feelings were hurt at receiving "charity."



Ready for Thanksgiving. Some of the two thousand baskets which the Juniors of Knoxville, Tenn., distributed last year

Flags with Long Staffs

HOW 45 flags have reached from Virginia country schoolhouses to Vermont, to Paris and to wide-avenued Tokyo is quite a story.

Back in 1929 Miller School, with 60 other schools in Frederick County, Virginia, made the flag of every country having a Junior Red Cross society. It was hard work cutting the stars and stripes and crescents and crosses and other devices on those 45 flags and it was work to sew them together with fine stitches. But it was fun, too. So was learning the stories back of the flags. There was the nice one about the oldest flag in the world, the Danebrog, or "Strength of Denmark": Back in the thirteenth century, a Danish king, discouraged in his fights against the pagans, was about to give up when a cross of light appeared in the crimson evening sky. Next day he gained the victory carrying a banner with a white cross in a red field, the Danish flag from that day to this. There were the flags of the countries like Estonia, Lithuania, Latvia, Czechoslovakia, Poland and Jugoslavia that had become independent after the World War, each one of them with an interesting story. There was the flag of Siam, without the white elephant that used to adorn its red field. There was the British Union Jack with its three crosses—one for St. Andrew, one for St. Patrick and one for St. George.

It was not easy to make the flags correct in every point. Sometimes pictures were hard to find. Once work was held up waiting for an answer to a letter to the League of Red Cross



Miller School in Winchester working on the set of flags for Japan. At left, the flag of New Zealand, with the Union Jack and the four stars to represent the Southern Cross

Societies in Paris, asking for information. But the set was all ready for the annual spring rally. After that, the flags were sent to Junior Red Cross National Headquarters in Washington to be kept except when somebody borrowed them.

The Frederick County Juniors made a second set which today stands in Paris at the headquarters of the League of Red Cross Societies. Then Miller School volunteered to make a third set of flags to go to Japan as some return for the lovely gifts Japanese Juniors had sent.

The last Japanese Junior Red Cross magazine has a picture of the reception of the flags in Japan together with one of the Miller School making them. The flags now stand in the Junior Red Cross Museum in beautiful Tokyo.



From Virginia to Vermont: When the Ira Allen School in Burlington gave a pageant last spring they borrowed the flags made by the Virginia Juniors

Doings of Overseas Juniors



A scene from "Long Live Health" which the Stockholm Juniors gave

Then the orchestra played a march and in came the Health Laws, the boys holding banners and the girls reciting health rhymes. Wholesome Fare followed, a company of boys with shields all covered with pictures of eggs, butter, milk and fruit. Helpful Children came next with gifts for the sick. Last came children who represented the Junior Red Cross Societies all over the world. They, too, carried gold and white banners. When all on the stage had formed a square around the Spirit of the Red Cross, they sang the Junior Song and the curtain slowly closed on the scene.

"THAT'S the stuff to teach 'em. I bet those kids know more than their mothers ever did."

So said a stage hand standing in the wings of the Scala Theater in London, where London Juniors were showing what the Junior Red Cross does to a big audience of delegates at the Red Cross conference of the British Empire. In the act that the stage hand liked so well three girls, each with a life-sized doll, were showing all the different phases of bathing and dressing a baby according to the best Red Cross procedure.

There were other acts just as good. There were wonderful boys' sword dances and morris dances; there was a typical and lively Junior meeting, all written by Juniors themselves; there was a pageant which ended the entertainment.

The pageant began with the Spirit of the Red Cross surrounded by the Red Cross Societies of the Empire all dressed in white and gold robes and carrying gold and white standards with the Red Cross emblem and the name of the country represented, as Australia, Canada, South Africa and so on. Said the Spirit:

I am the Red Cross, who am known of all men
To be Merciful and Compassionate,
And of my Company are such as would fain serve
The Sick and the Suffering;
Many there be of my Fellowship who have won
To Honor and Renown,
But for the more part their Reward lies hidden
In the Hearts of Men,
And now call I the children to be of my company
For they, too, can be Helpers
Following after their fashion in my Footsteps
And weaving the threefold Thread
Of Health, Help and Friendship.

[70]

AFTER threshing the school grain the threshing machine of the Albanian Vocational School took to the road with a crew of three students. Pay was in grain, and you can figure out yourself the profits from the three weeks' run:

Wheat	44 qli
Oats	9.5 qli

Wheat at the time was worth \$8.00 per qli, and oats, \$5.50 the qli.

PRINCE CHARLES, the younger brother of their King, was back of the Juniors of Stockholm, Sweden, when they gave their November festival to raise money for giving poor mothers and their children good summer vacations at the



This was one of many lovely illustrations in an album dedicated "To our brother Juniors of the Red Cross in Lincoln School, Cedar Falls, Iowa, with many thanks for their portfolio. From the Public School for Boys, Celje, Jugoslavia"

Elvskogen resort. Each school planned its own part of the program. There were gymnastic stunts, dances and a play based on the Italian sketch "Long Live Health" with the actors dressed to represent foods. The closing number was "Everybody's Flag," which the Swedish Juniors had dramatized beautifully from the November, 1927, number of the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS.

PUPILS in the Haradros Primary School in Kynouria, Greece, say in their little school paper:

Some of the smaller Juniors have started with much enthusiasm to make over the road from the village to the church. After school they gather and cut branches, others, tape in hand, measure and mark, others with shovels, pick-axes and small carts carry away stones and earth. They have turned themselves into engineers, contractors and workers.

EVEN the mayor went when students of the George R. Allan School at Hamilton, Ontario, showed a large audience how Junior business is done in the best circles. The public school orchestra furnished musical numbers and played the international Junior Red Cross song with which the meeting opened. As the secretary called the roll, each member answered quickly with a health rule. Brief reports from room and health committees were right to the point. So were the discussions and motions. The treasurer's report gives you an idea of what had been doing: \$.25 for fruit for a sick pupil; \$1.00 for warm stockings for a child; \$.25 for an album cover; and \$1.25 for the fund which last year helped 7,000 crippled Canadian children. When the business was over, the boys and girls reviewed their First Aid training by stopping a "hemorrhage" and reviving a "fainting" person. Sandy MacDonald closed the program with a Scotch song and dance.

THE Red Cross Juniors of the Upper Elementary School at Kremes-



The public school orchestra furnished the music for the Hamilton, Ontario, meeting

nik, Czechoslovakia, write how they raise funds:

We often read of how Juniors raise the necessary funds to set about their work. We will tell you what we have done. When we sent in our names as members we consulted how to raise the money to pay our membership subscriptions. As our school is situated near forests we thought about mushrooms. We gathered over seven pounds and sold them. When the mushrooms were over Nature again came to our assistance. On the beech trees near the school there were quantities of beech nuts and these we began to collect, especially when the forester told us he would buy them from us. We collected and sold 63 litres. Now we had money enough. We paid the membership subscriptions, bought a diary and subscribed for various magazines. The rest of the money we spent on school requisites.

LAST session Argentine Junior Red Cross members carried on correspondence with ten countries, sending out altogether 120 fine albums. Among other activities, Argentine Juniors gave clothing to poor children in the country, the railway companies transporting shipments free; and raised 25,000 pesos towards the rebuilding of the school at Encarnacion, Paraguay, destroyed by a cyclone back in 1926.

TABLE OF CONTENTS		
November, 1930		
		Page
THANKSGIVING	Lois K. Hartzell	Cover
PIOTRUS	Janina Porazinska	51
<i>Illustration by Bernice Oehler</i>		
BIG BEAR, LITTLE BEAR		
	Florence M. Gillett	52
THE LOST SHEEP	Anna Milo Upjohn	53
<i>Illustration by the Author</i>		
ST. MARTIN AND HIS DAY		55
A DAUNTLESS MAID OF OLD ENGLAND	Frances Margaret Fox	56
<i>Illustrations by Marguerite de Angeli</i>		
A FAMOUS PIGEON		58
WHAT'S HAPPENING IN INDIA		59
"YESTERDAY'S FOE BECOMES THE FRIEND OF TOMORROW"		61
"MAN IS NOT THE ONLY INTELLIGENT ANIMAL"		62
GOOD-NIGHT PRAYER		
	Amelia Josephine Burr	63
THE DUCKS' FEATHERS		
	Carol Della Chiesa	64
<i>Illustrations by Marie Abrams Lawson</i>		
OUR JUNIORS ON THE JOB		66
FLAGS WITH LONG STAFFS		69
THE RED CROSS SPIRIT SPEAKS		
	John H. Finley	72



The Red Cross Spirit Speaks

JOHN H. FINLEY

Wherever war with its red woes,
Or flood, or fire or famine goes,
 There, too, go I;
If earth in any quarter quakes
Or pestilence its ravage makes,
 Thither I fly

.....

I go wherever men may dare,
I go wherever woman's care
 And love can live—
Wherever strength and skill can
 bring
Surcease to human suffering
 Or solace give.

